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RED MASK





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RED MASK

THIS LOOKS
LIKE OUR FINISH,
REDMASK!

AND THE FINISH OF
EVERY MAN IN THE SOUTH-
WEST, CAPTAIN! NOBODY
CAN STOP THAT APACHE
HORDE!

JUST AS SITTING BULL AND
CRAZY HORSE ARE RALLYING SIOUX
WARRIORS FOR THE ATTACK THAT IS
TO RESULT IN THE MASSACRE OF
GENERAL GEORGE CUSTER AND HIS
SEVENTH CAVALRY—A SIMILAR UPRISING
OF APACHE HORDES IS UNDER WAY IN
THE SOUTHWEST! FROM THEIR HUNTING
GROUNDS COME MESCALERO AND
AMARERO, CHIRICAHUA AND TONTO
WARRIORS, TO ADD THEIR WEAPONS
TO THE REDMAN REVOLT SWEEPING
THE WEST...STANDING ALONE BE-
TWEEN THEM AND THE DEATH OF
EVERY WHITE MAN WEST OF THE
RED RIVER IS REDMASK AND A
DETAIL OF U.S. CAVALRYMEN ON A—

DEATH MISSION!

RM-148 #46

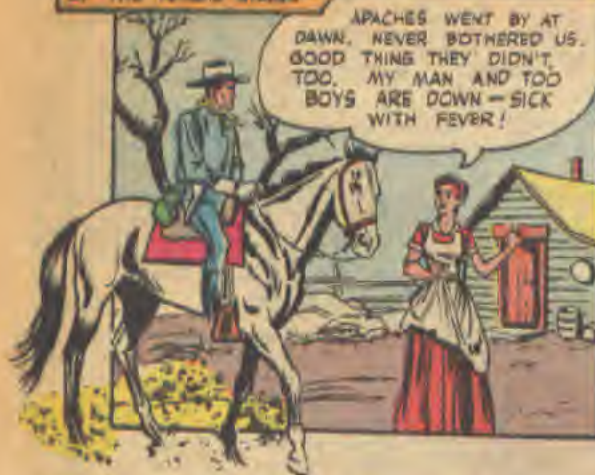
FWB

WORD COMES SUDDENLY TO THE LITTLE CAVALRY
PATROL OUT OF FT. DANGER THAT THE APACHE
HORDES ARE RIDING...

UGGGH!!

THEY AREN'T ATTACKING. JUST MOVING ON.
AND THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS OF THEM!
I DON'T LIKE IT! THOSE RED DEVILS SHOULD
BE SLAUGHTERING US NOW.
WHY AREN'T THEY?

AS THE INITIAL RIDER ON CAPTAIN BLUES' HORSE DISCOVERS THAT OTHERS STILL LIVE IN THE MOUTH OF THE APACHE RIDGES—



I DON'T LIKE IT! WHEN APACHES DON'T ACT LIKE APACHES, THEY HAVE SOMETHING ON THEIR MINDS! MY JOB IS TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT IS!



ALL THAT AFTERNOON, APACHE RIDERS MOVE SOUTHWARD IN LITTLE BANDS...



THEN, TOWARD MORNING, AS DAWN FLUSHES THE ROCK SHELTER A DULL RED...



PONY SOLDIER'S SCALPS MAKE GOOD PRESENT FOR GERONIMO!

HU! WHEN PONY SOLDIERS DEAD, THEY CAN'T TELL OTHER SOLDIERS WHAT APACHE DO!



ON THE HIGH STONE BLUFFS ABOVE THE TRAPPED CAVALRYMEN, A RED-GARBED MAN REINS IN ABRUPTLY.

A DOZEN TROOPERS, CUT OFF BY HALF A HUNDRED APACHES! AND THERE ISN'T MUCH I CAN DO TO SAVE THEM!



THERE'S JUST A CHANCE...
IF I CAN FIND THE RIGHT
SPOT... THAT I MIGHT BE
ABLE TO GIVE THOSE MEN
A HAND AT THAT!



APACHES CAUGHT THE MEN
DRIVING THE SUPPLY WAGONS
TO THE RAILROAD THEY'RE
BUILDING NEAR BULLET. I
GRABBED SOME OF THE DYNAMITE
STICKS ON THE OFF CHANCE
THEY MIGHT COME IN HANDY
AGAINST THE REDSKINS.
NOW I'M GLAD I DID!



A MOMENT AFTER HE HAD
WEDGED HIS EXPLOSIVES INTO
THE CLIFFTOP ROCKS, REDMASK
TOUCHES THEM OFF FROM A
MASTER FUSE. THE ENTIRE SIDE
OF THE CLIFF SEEMS TO LEAP
HIGH—



STONE AND ROCK THUD AND BOUNCE AMID THE STUNNED APACHES.
A LANDSLIDE GATHERS MOMENTUM—SWEEPS ACROSS THEM!

AAAIIEEEEE!!



WHATEVER HAPPENED UP ABOVE SAVED
OUR LIVES! MORE THAN HALF OF
THOSE RED DEVILS ARE DEAD!



AND THE REST WON'T BOTHER
YOU ANYMORE. THEY'RE HOT-
FOOTING IT OFF TO FIND
GERONIMO!



REDMASK!
LUCKY THING FOR US
YOU SHOWED UP WHEN
YOU DID!

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING
DIFFERENT BANDS OF
APACHES, ALL
THE WAY FROM
TEN CORNERS.
THEY SEEM TO
BE HEADING
FOR SKULL
CANYON!

WE'VE
HAD
WORD
THE SIOUX
ARE MEETING
UP NORTH.
GENERALS RENO
AND CUSTER ARE
RIDING TO FIGHT
THEM IN THE
LITTLE BIG HORN.
THINK THERE'S
ANY CONNECTION?



I THINK THE INDIANS ARE
RISING UP ALL OVER THE
WEST. IF GERONIMO CAN
UNITE HIS APACHES, HE'LL
MASSACRE EVERY SETTLER
AND SOLDIER FROM HERE
TO THE RED RIVER!



CAPTAIN ELIAS HOOKER RIDES
WITH TIGHT LIPS. REDMASK
HAS SPOKEN WITH A RING OF
TRUTH IN HIS WORDS. THAT
NIGHT AT THE BIVOUAC FIRES—

MY SCOUT HERE
FALLEN DOG, TELLS
ME THE APACHES
ARE UP ALL OVER.
LOOKS AS IF
YOU WERE RIGHT!
WE MUST GET
WORD TO
FORT DANGER!

APACHE
NOT LET
YOU GO
BACK.
RIDE
FORWARD
TO SKULL
CANYON,
YES.
NO LET YOU
RIDE OTHER
WAY!



THEN WE'LL
RIDE ON TO
SKULL CANYON,
CONFIRM OUR
SUSPICIONS,
THEN—DHHH!

WHAT'S
WRONG?
YOU LOOK
FEVERISH!



FELT
DIZZY
ALL
OF A
SUDDEN!
WEAK!
BUT I'LL
BE ALL
RIGHT
AFTER
A REST!

THEN WE'LL RIDE
OUT AT DAWN, IF
WE DON'T LEARN
WHAT THE APACHES
ARE DOING, AND
MANAGE TO GET
WORD TO FORT
DANGER, NO WHITE
MAN BETWEEN
ARKANSAS AND THE
PACIFIC WILL BE
SAFE!



NEXT DAY THE LITTLE COLUMN
RIDES, WATCHING THEIR
PROGRESS ARE HARD, CRUEL
BLACK EYES—

WHEN PONY
SOLDIERS GO
FIVE MILES
MORE—WE
SMASH THEM!



ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR MILES GO
PAST UNDER THE HOOFS
OF THEIR PONIES, THEN—

HERE THEY
COME!



THE APACHE ATTACK IS BRIEF AND SAVAGE —



EACH MAN IS A HERO AS HE FIGHTS UNDER THE BLAZING SUN —



AGAIN AND AGAIN, REDMASK'S THUNDERING SIXGUNS SPIT THEIR RED FLAME...



HIT FOR THE HILLS! ON THE DOUBLE!



WITH SABRE-CHAINS JINGLING, KNOWING THEY HAVE LEFT SOME OF THEIR COMPANIONS DEAD BEHIND THEM, THE LITTLE DETAIL HURTTLES ON —

LOOKS LIKE THE JIG IS UP, REDMASK! WE CAN'T FIGHT THE WHOLE APACHE NATION BY OURSELVES!



WE MUST FIGHT THEM, AND WIN! OR ELSE THEY'LL SWEEP ACROSS THE SOUTHWEST IN A STORM OF BLOOD AND DEATH. LOOK UP THERE! SKULL CANYON IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT CLIFF!

KNOWING THAT ISN'T ANY HELP!





REDMASK AND CAPTAIN HOOKER ARE THROWN INTO A BRUSH WICKIUP. FOR THREE DAYS THEY ARE TENDED CAREFULLY...

THEY WANT US TO BE IN GOOD SHAPE FOR THE TORTURE CEREMONIES!



ON THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON, THEY ARE TAKEN OUT TO THE STAKES...

YOU DIE NOW, REDMASK. YOU AND PONY SOLDIER WILL LAST UNTIL DAWN WITH OUR TORTURES. THEN WE WILL KILL YOU!



YOU WILL NEVER ATTACK THE SETTLEMENTS! YOU WILL NEVER TORTURE US! LOOK AT YOUR FACES! YOU ARE ALL DOOMED MEN!



EVEN AS REDMASK SPEAKS, THE MEDICINE MAN RALLS OVER SENSELESS, ONE BY ONE, OTHER APACHES DROP AROUND HIM!

WHAT IN THUNDER HAPPENED? ARE YOU A MAGICIAN?

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO DID IT, CAPTAIN! DON'T BOTHER TO TALK NOW, CAPTAIN, LET'S MAKE TRACKS OUT OF HERE!



LUCKILY, THEY DIDN'T FINISH TYING US UP WHEN I RECOGNIZED WHAT WAS HAPPENING! THEIR PONY HERD IS YONDER. LET'S STAMPEDE THEM!

BUT WHAT DID HAPPEN? I'M ALL IN THE DARK!



OH-H-H... I FEEL WEAK AGAIN! FEVERISH!

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, CAPTAIN! THAT FAMILY YOU VISITED—WITH THE SICK FATHER AND TWO SONS—MUST HAVE BEEN SUFFERING FROM SMALLPOX!



YOU CAUGHT THE SMALLPOX, BUT ARMY INOCULATIONS AND THE IMMUNITY OF THE WHITE MAN KEPT YOU GOING. THE INDIAN HAS NO SUCH IMMUNITY. TO HIM IT'S A DEADLY PLAGUE! AND SINCE ALL THOSE APACHES ARE GATHERED TOGETHER, THEY'LL ALL GET IT! I THINK THE APACHE POWER IN THE SOUTHWEST IS BROKEN—FOREVER!



—THE END—

REDMASK'S CAVE

DUE to the large number of letters than have been dumped on the floor of my cave, I find that I must write this little preface to express my regrets that we have no pictures of me or the *Black Phantom* available for mailing to you. However, we are trying to work out something. When we do, we will make an announcement in these pages. In the meantime, keep writing your letters!

* * *

To: June Adams, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada;
Peter Cherry, Hicksville, N. Y.; Jo Ann
Ferrell, E. St. Louis, Ill.; Eugene Clements,
Stuart Florida, Dianna Spaur, Akron,
Ohio.

For you movie fans, the best thing to do to obtain autographs or pictures would be to write to the motion picture studio (RKO). Tim and his studio will be glad to answer your requests. This Cave of mine has so much information and facts on the old west that we have no room for pictures and no facilities for mailing them! (We hope some day to change that.)

Thanks for your pictures, Eugene. We are forwarding them to our artist.

The *Black Phantom* does not know Tim's double identity as Redmask.

* * *

To: Earl Shank, Jr., Folsom, Pennsylvania.

Glad to know you saw Tim at Sleepy Hollow Ranch. I think you are confusing Kate Quantrell with "Cattle Kate," whose real name was Ella Watson.

* * *

To: Carol Anderson, Hummelstown, Pennsylvania; Dewitt Sayer, Prattville, Alabama.

One of the foremost biographies of Billy the Kid is **THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID** by Walter Noble Burns. I am sure your local library has a copy of this book. If you are unable to locate any of the books you mention, write to **O'MALLEY'S BOOKSTORE**, Fourth Avenue, New York City. The O'Malleys have helped the Cave locate out-of-print books several times in the past.

We do not *sell* any books at the Cave, due to lack of space needed to store them. However, the above-mentioned O'Malley's or

Brentano's on Fifth Avenue, New York City, would be able to get you the books you mention. Why not write to them?

* * *

To: Herbert Posey, Cincinnati, Ohio; Caralie Balch, Plains, Montana; Linda Slater, Onamia, Minnesota; Dwight Cunningham, Lufkin, Texas; Donna Horn, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada; Johnny Cather, Natchez, Miss.; Lester Harmon, Hebron, Maryland; Billy Thomas, Hampton, Georgia.

Jesse James is not living. He was shot and killed by Bob Ford. A picture of the dead Jesse James is in the files at the Cave.

Wild Bill Hickok wore his yellow hair quite long, as was the custom along the western frontier in the days of the old west. Wild Bill Hickok and Will Bill Elliott are not the same person. Wild Bill Elliott is a movie star.

Calamity Jane was a friend of Wild Bill Hickok, but she never married him. It is a pleasant myth that, when she died, she shot the letters *wild bill hickok* in the wall of her room with her revolvers. Wild Bill Hickok was not murdered by Calamity Jane, but by Jack McCall. Calamity Jane and Hickok were good friends.

Billy the Kid was lefthanded. He usually wore one gun, though at times he has been known to have carried two. He killed his first man at the age of twelve, with a knife.

Sorry, we cannot answer personal questions.

Yes, Sam Bass was a real western outlaw. I am inclined to doubt that Calamity Jane was overly fond of him. Remember, the movies sometimes take a few liberties with the truth, in order to make a good story even better!

The Black Phantom is an outlaw queen turned honest. She is an expert rider and crack shot, and she uses her skills to bring outlaws and killers to justice. There is a separate comic book entitled **THE BLACK PHANTOM**, now on the stands.

* * *

To: Charles Collier, Norlina, North Carolina;
Nan Clayton, Chatham, Massachusetts.

A red horse is generally called a sorrel, or a roan. There is also a bluish colored horse called a blue roan, or *grulla*.

Kit Carson was a real person.

A horse is usually stopped by a pull of the reins, rather than by the cry, "Whoa!" A bronc can be either a male or stallion. A bronc usually means a wild horse or mustang, but by constant usage, it has come to be synonymous with horse itself.

* * *

To: C. E. Kaufman, Allison Park, N. J.; Paul Craig, Omira, Wisconsin; Dorina Fraysher, Chino, California; Page Parks, no address; Sue Ann Summers, Portland, Mich.; Edward Pitan, St. Ann, Ontario, Canada.

The Lone Ranger is a fictitious person. He never lived in real life. Kid Colt was a real person. We have no record of anyone named Dan Reid in our files.

Billy the Kid was twenty-one years old when he was shot and killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett.

Annie Oakley was a real person. The Cisco Kid is a fictitious person created by O. Henry.

Some of the more famous good gunmen of the old west—those who fought on the side of law and order—were: Wild Bill Hickok, Billy Tilghman, Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, and Burton Mossman.

* * *

To: Toni Metcalf, Port Royal, S. C.; David Dallas, New York, N. Y.; Billy Leroy Moore, Custer, South Dakota.

The town of Bullet is in Arizona. Redmask carries one gun, usually, in his special holster that is fitted with a sheath for his knife.

We will pass on your idea, Toni. It sounds good to us. I've a feeling the Black Phantom would like to get out of her uniform and into some nice dresses occasionally, too!

The Black Phantom will continue to be a regular member of the Redmask books. She also has her own special comic now. Keep your eyes peeled for its appearance.

To: No name, Huntsville, Alabama; Ronny Anderson, Huron, Tennessee; Kemner James MacDonald, Manitoba, Canada.

Roy Rogers and Dale Evans are husband and wife. Roy Rogers uses the title, King of the Cowboys.

Rex Allen is a real person. So is Rocky Lane.

The Lone Ranger is a fictional character, so that in real life, he was never a member of the Texas Rangers. However, in his fictional character, he did belong to that body of able fighting men.

* * *

To: John Unterberg, Yonkers, N. Y.

Arizona is the youngest state in the Union. It was admitted to statehood in 1912.

Yes, Indians do make comb and brushes from grass. They use grama grass or purple hair-grass for this purpose. The Navajos make combs and brushes that are over a foot long.

* * *

To: Linda Ann Fox, Mattituck, New York

There are 2000 different kinds of cactus! During the summer months, these cacti plants have lovely flowers: some are brilliant crimson, some a bright yellow, some are orange and others are a pale lemon.

The largest cactus is the saguaro, that reaches the proportions of a tree. It grows over forty feet tall.

Just as the Indians used the cactus to make themselves candy, flour and tawin, so modern men are discovering that the cactus will produce an oil that is the basis for a startling new face cream!

Cactus wood has been carved into pipes and ash trays and other novelties. One kind of cactus has an apple called a tuna apple that is very good eating. Some types of cactus live to be more than two centuries old!

Keep writing in, readers! Here in the Cave I have files on the old west and the new west, and am always ready to tell you what you want to know.

Regards to all!
REDMASK

Send your questions to:
REDMASK'S CAVE
c/o Redmask Magazine—46
11 Park Place
New York 7, N. Y.

RED MASK

MURDER IN THE NIGHT. A DEAD MAN'S HAND REACHING OUT OF THE GRAVE TO POINT AN ACCUSING FINGER AT HIS KILLER—BUT REDMASK CANNOT SEE THE WARNING HAND! AND SO DEATH AND GREED COME STALKING THROUGH THE BULLET COUNTRY, WITH A DANGEROUS KILLER RUNNING LOOSE, FOR NO MAN UNDERSTANDS THE STRANGE RIDDLE OF—

THE GHOST PICTURE

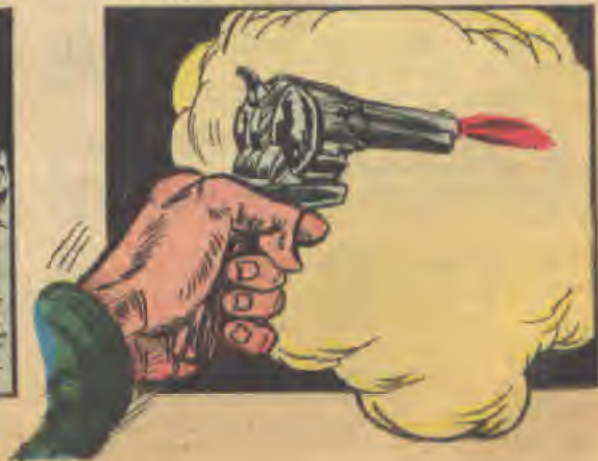


RM-101 #46

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BOLLE

IT IS LATE AT NIGHT IN BULLET WHEN A DAZZLING LIGHT ERUPTS IN THE JONES LIVING ROOM—

AT THAT SAME TIME A SMITH AND WESSON .41 ROARS SAVAGELY...





LATER, AFTER DON JONES IS LOCKED BEHIND BARS



AN HOUR LATER, AS REDMASK ENTERS THE JONES' SITTING ROOM—



THE HOARSE BREATHING OF STRUGGLING MEN FILLS THE ROOM—



AS HE HURTLES FORWARD, REDMASK RUNS FULL ONTO THE UPLIFTED BOOT OF HIS UNKNOWN ASSAILANT!



MOMENTS LATER—

HE GOT AWAY! WELL, AT LEAST IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN DON JONES! **HE'S** IN JAIL!

REDMASK—
DON JONES
ESCAPED FROM
JAIL WHILE WE
WERE
EATING!

I LEFT LUKE TO GUARD HIM. WHEN LUKE WENT TOO CLOSE, DON HOOKED HIM BY AN ARM AND GRABBED THE KEYS!

WHOEVER IT WAS—LET'S FIND OUT WHAT HE WAS DOING HERE! I'VE A HUNCH HE WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING WHEN I SURPRISED HIM!

A LONG SEARCH REVEALS AN OLD CIVIL WAR DIARY BELONGING TO THE DEAD MAN—

JONES USED TO BE A PHOTOGRAPHER WITH MATTHEW BRADY DURING THE CIVIL WAR. THAT EXPLAINS ALL THESE CAMERAS HE ALWAYS KEPT HERE IN THIS ROOM.

LOOK SHERIFF! A MAGNESIUM WIRE FLASHGUN USED BY PHOTOGRAPHERS FOR INDOOR SHOTS! THEY GIVE OFF AN INTENSELY BRIGHT LIGHT. THIS EXPLAINS THE BRIGHT FLARE WE SAW. MATT JONES WAS TAKING A **PICTURE** WHEN HE WAS MURDERED!

*EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS WAS THE EARLY FORM OF THE MODERN FLASHLIGHT ATTACHMENT THAT FITS ALL CAMERAS TODAY

THERE'S NO DRY PLATE IN ANY OF THESE CAMERAS! IF HE WAS TAKING A PICTURE—WHERE'S THE CAMERA HE USED?

MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THE PROWLER WAS AFTER WHEN I SURPRISED HIM. HE KNEW JONES HAD TAKEN A PICTURE, AND WAS AFRAID **HE** WAS ON IT. HE CAME BACK TO DESTROY IT!

SEE HERE! A MEMO PAD WITH THE IMPRINT OF WRITTEN WORDS, WHERE SOMEONE PRESSED DOWN HEAVILY WHILE WRITING. THIS GUNPOWDER ON THE IMPRESSIONS OUGHT TO MAKE THAT WRITING LEGIBLE!

IT'S A LETTER FROM JONES AUTHORIZING HIS GOLD MINE SUPERINTENDENT TO MAKE SHIPMENT TOMORROW. THERE'S A WINTER SUPPLY OF GOLD WAITING IN THOSE WAGONS—CLOSE TO HALF A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH! A PRIZE SOME PEOPLE MIGHT THINK WORTH **MURDER!**



WHERE YOU HEADED?

OUT TO THOSE GOLD MINES. IF OUR KILLER IS AFTER THAT GOLD SHIPMENT, I MEAN TO BE ON HAND WHEN HE MAKES HIS TRY! YOU GO AFTER DON JONES! IT MIGHT BE THAT WE'RE AFTER THE SAME MAN!



HOURS LATER, REDMASK REINS UP HIGH ABOVE THE GOLD MINE BUILDINGS—

OLD MATT WAS PLENTY SECRETIVE ABOUT HIS SHIPMENT DATE FOR THAT GOLD. MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE WAS NEVER ROBBED!



AS THE SUN RISES HIGHER IN THE SKY, THE GOLD SHIPMENT WAGONS MOVE SLOWLY ALONG THE ROUTE...



SOME MILES BEYOND RED BUTTES, MASKED MEN WAIT FOR THE FABULOUSLY LOADED VANS—

HERE THEY COME!

THIS WILL BE A CINCH!



CLIMB DOWN, ALL OF YOU!

THEN LIE FLAT ON YOUR FACES!



THE THUNDER OF HIS HORSE'S HOOF IS ECHOED BY HIS ROARING SIXGUNS AS REDMASK HURTTLES DOWN ON THE ROBBERS—



IN BULLET, NEXT DAY —

GLAD YOU BROUGHT DON IN, SHERIFF. I THINK HE'S INNOCENT, INHERITING FROM HIS UNCLE — THERE WOULD BE NO NEED FOR HIM TO TRY TO ROB THE GOLD SHIPMENT!

OLD MATT JONES USED TO HIDE SMALL CAMERAS IN UNUSUAL PLACES, TO GET NATURAL POSES BY PEOPLE WHO WOULD NOT SUSPECT A PICTURE WAS BEING TAKEN. SUCH CAMERAS HAVE BEEN HIDDEN IN LARGE BOOKS AND IN MARKET BASKETS!

JONES LAY HERE WHEN WE FOUND HIM. THE ANGLE OF HIS DEATH WOUND SHOWS THE KILLER MUST HAVE STOOD RIGHT ABOUT WHERE I AM NOW!



THE ONLY THING THAT COULD POSSIBLY HAVE TAKEN A PICTURE OF THE KILLER FROM SUCH AN ANGLE WOULD BE A CAMERA HIDDEN IN THE STATUE OF LINCOLN!

HERE'S THE CAMERA. INSIDE THE MOLLOW STATUE! THE LENS WAS ALWAYS OPEN, BUT THERE WASN'T ENOUGH LIGHT TO TAKE A PICTURE UNTIL MATT JONES TOUCHED OFF THE FLASHGUN AND USED IT WHEN HE REALIZED HE WAS GOING TO BE SHOT!



LATER, WHEN THE DRY PLATE IS DEVELOPED —

I DEVELOPED THE DRY PLATE IN THAT CAMERA HERE IT IS!

A PICTURE OF BRANDERS, THE SECRETARY — SHOOTING DOWN MATT JONES WHEN JONES SURPRISED HIM TRYING TO FIND THE LETTER SETTING THE DATE FOR THAT GOLD SHIPMENT!

BRANDERS WANTED TO STEAL THAT GOLD, BUT HE HAD TO GET THAT LETTER STATING THE SHIPMENT DATE, SO HIS HIRED GUNMEN COULD STEAL IT. JONES CAUGHT HIM. FLUSTERED, DAN BRANDERS SHOT AND KILLED HIM, THEN TRIED TO PIN THE MURDER ON DON JONES, WITH WHOM HIS UNCLE HAD QUARRELED.



—THE END—

Red MASK

NOW RELIABLE IS THE TESTIMONY OF A GIRL WITNESS? CAN SHE BE EXPECTED TO BE CALM AND OBSERVANT DURING A ROBBERY? IS HER TESTIMONY WORTH LISTENING TO, OR SHOULD IT BE DISMISSED AS THE TERRIFIED REACTION OF A NERVOUS WOMAN? THIS IS THE PROBLEM CONFRONTING REDMASK AS HE SEES TO SOLVE THE PUZZLING RIDDLE OF STAGECOACH-AND-TRAIN-HOLDUPS, FOR HIS ONLY WITNESS TO THE IDENTITY OF THE OUTLAW CHIEF BEHIND THEM IS —

THE GIRL WHO SAW DOUBLE



EN-14746

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK BOLLE

THE FIRST HOLDUP OCCURS IN CACTUS CANYON, ON A HOT AUGUST MORNING...



THE STAGE ROLLS ON INTO BULLET, A REPORT OF THE ROBBERY IS MADE. LATER THAT NIGHT, AS BRINDOLYN JAMES, THE NEW SCHOOLTEACHER, EMERGES FROM HER HOTEL...

OH, MY GOODNESS!



ARREST THAT MAN! I SAW HIM ROB THE STAGECOACH THIS AFTER-NOON! A BREEZE BLEW HIS BANDANNA TO ONE SIDE TO LET ME SEE HIS FACE! I'LL NEVER FORGET IT!

MA-AM... YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!



THIS MAN IS JIM EMERSON... A RESPECTED RANCHER AROUND THESE PARTS. I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T HOLD UP A STAGECOACH. HE'D HAVE TOO MUCH TO LOSE IF HE WERE RECOGNIZED!

IF YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME, I'LL GO SEE THE SHERIFF!

SURE IS FUNNY HOW HONEST PEOPLE CAN MAKE MISTAKES. THAT GIRL REALLY BELIEVES YOU'RE THE MAN SHE SAW!



SOMEWHAT LATER, IN THE SHADY BACK ROOM OF A LOCAL HOTEL...

THIS FOOL GIRL WILL RUIN EVERYTHING! YOU BOYS WILL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HER, UNDERSTAND?

I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT BUT I DON'T WANT HER ALIVE TOMORROW TO MAKE HER ACCUSATIONS!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN SHERIFF GAGE'S OFFICE—

THE GIRL IS A SCHOOL-TEACHER, TRAINED AND OBSERVANT. IF SHE SAW EMERSON, SHE **SAW** HIM!

SHE ONLY **THINKS** SHE SAW HIM! HYSTERIA... SIMPLE NERVOUSNESS, MAYBE. SHE'D ACCUSE ANY MAN WHO LOOKS A LITTLE LIKE EMERSON.



HOWEVER, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU ANY HAPPIER, I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HER.



AT A KNOCK ON HER HOTEL DOOR, GWENDOLYN AMES THROWS IT OPEN—

WE'RE DEPUTY SHERIFFS, MA'AM. WE—GRAB HER, HANK!



MIGHTY SORRY ABOUT THIS, MA'AM, BUT I GOT ORDERS TO PUT YOU OUT OF THE WAY!



Yikes!!!





AFTER A RESTLESS NIGHT, GHERDOLYN AMER RIDES A SADDLE PONY NEAR DAY AND RIDER OUT OF BULLET—



TWO HOURS LATER, AT THE EMERSON BOX CIRCLE RANCH—



BEFORE SHE CAN KNOCK, THE NEW SCHOOLTEACHER FINDS THE DOOR OPENING, AND POWERFUL HANDS REACHING FOR HER!



COME ON IN, LADY!

YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW YOU CAN SEE ME ROB A STAGECOACH EVEN WHILE I'M OUT RIDING WITH REDMASK? COME ON IN AND I'LL TELL YOU THE ANSWER!



LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER! THERE'S THE MAN WHO WAS OUT RIDING WITH REDMASK! I'M THE MAN WHO ROBBED THE STAGECOACH! I'M JIM EMERSON'S TWIN BROTHER!



OHI MY GOODNESS!

I'M LUKE EMERSON, THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY. WHILE JIM WAS BUILDING UP HIS BOX CIRCLE RANCH UNTIL IT'S ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST IN ARIZONA, I WAS ROBBING PEOPLE, GETTING CAUGHT FOR IT, AND BEING SENT TO JAIL!



NOBODY KNOWS ME AROUND THESE PARTS. THEY ONLY KNOW JIM! WHICH IS FINE FOR ME, BECAUSE AFTER I'VE KILLED HIM, I'LL BE JIM! I'LL HAVE ME A RICH RANCH, PLENTY OF MONEY, AND THE RESPECT OF EVERYBODY IN THESE PARTS!



THAT'S WHY YOU GOT TO DIE, TOO. YOU AND JIM KNOW TOO MUCH. WITH EITHER OF YOU ALIVE, I CAN'T BECOME JIM EMERSON SAFELY! SO IT'S GOT TO BE CURTAINS FOR YOU BOTH!



WITH HIS VICTIMS TIED TIGHTLY, LUKE EMERSON LEAVES THEM HIDDEN AMID THE DEBRIS AND REFUSE OF THE RANCH CELLAR...



I GOT TO RIDE INTO TOWN AND POST BOND FOR MY BOYS. REDMASK THREW 'EM IN JAIL, BUT HE AIN'T GOIN TO KEEP THEM THERE! I'LL ATTEND TO YOU BOTH WHEN I GET BACK!

IN BULLET A LITTLE AFTER MIDDAY—



REDMASK, HERE'S TWO BONDS FOR THOSE MEN YOU CAUGHT LAST NIGHT. THEY WOULDN'T HAVE HURT THAT GIRL. THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE DOING ME A FAVOR!



I DEFENDED THEM WHEN THEY WERE DOWN ON THEIR LUCK. THEY WANTED TO HELP ME OUT OF A TIGHT SPOT. THEY DIDN'T REALIZE THEY WERE ONLY MAKING IT WORSE FOR ME!

NOTHING COULD MAKE IT WORSE FOR YOU, JIM. I KNOW YOU'RE INNOCENT. I WAS WITH YOU WHEN THAT STAGE WAS HELD UP! I KNOW YOU COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!



I'M PUTTING THOSE GALLOOTS TO WORK ON MY RANCH. I PROMISE YOU THEY'LL CAUSE NO MORE TROUBLE. I'LL PAY MISS AMES ANY DAMAGES!

THAT'S A RIGHT KIND OFFER, JIM. I'M SURE SHE'LL BE AGREEABLE! GOOD LUCK!



AS THE HOOFBEATS OF THREE HORSES FADE INTO THE DISTANCE, REDMASK STRAIGHTENS ABRUPTLY—

THAT'S FUNNY! BUT IT COULDN'T BE! I'M AS BAD AS THAT AMES GIRL— SEEING THINGS THAT DON'T EXIST!



IT IS ALMOST DUSK WHEN LUKE EMERSON REING IN AT THE BOY CIRCLE RANCH. WITH HIS THREE OUTLAW COMPANIONS AT HIS HEELS, HE DESCENDS TO THE RANCH CELLAR...

HERE THEY ARE, WAITING LIKE SHEEP FOR THE SLAUGHTER!



SURE! YOU DON'T THINK I'D LET MY BOYS ROT IN JAIL, DO YOU? REDMASK THINKS I'M MY BROTHER JIM! ANYTHING I SAY HELL BELIEVE. I GOT HIM EATING OUT OF MY HAND!

YOU...!!





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GHOST RIDER

the

"DON'T GO! DON'T GO..." THE CRIES OF THE TOWNSFOLK SPED PLEADINGLY AFTER HIM, BUT FOR THE WHITE-CLOAKED SENTINEL OF JUSTICE THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK! "DON'T GO!" WAILED THE NIGHT WIND. "DON'T GO..." BUT THE GHOST RIDER RODE GRIMLY ONWARD

INTO
DOOM
VALLEY!



NOT FAR FROM DOOM VALLEY, A NERVOUS JURYMAN RISES TO DELIVER THE VERDICT AT THE END OF THE FIRST TRIAL EVER HELD IN THE TERRITORY.

HE'S GUILTY, JUDGE!



NOW THE JUDGE SPEAKS...

YOU'VE KEPT SMILING ALL THROUGH THE TRIAL, MIKE DOOM— BUT THAT SMILE'S GOING TO FADE NOW... WHEN I PRONOUNCE SENTENCE!



YES, JUDGE...

THUN DOOM GANG! RUN FER YORE LIVES!

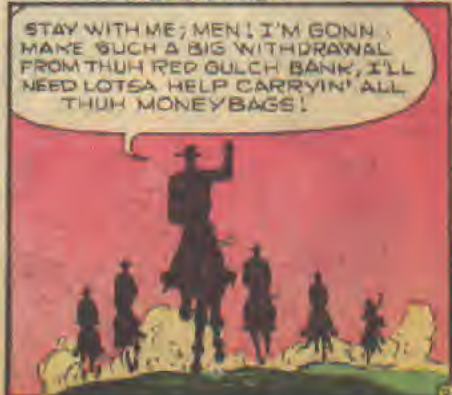




THIS IS NEW TERRITORY. ME AN' MY GANG ARE TOP-DOGS HERE! OUR HIDE-OUT'S NO SECRET— WE WORK OUTTA DOOM VALLEY! ANYBODY'S WELCOME TO COME AFTER US THAR— AN' LEAVE HIS BONES BLEACHIN' IN THUH SUN...! LATELY NEW FOLKS HAVE BEEN MOVIN' INTO THUH TERRITORY— UPPITY GALLOOTS THEY THOUGHT IF THEY'D BUILD A COURTHOUSE AN' A JAIL, THEY'D TAME US...!



FOR A WEEK, MIKE DOOM AND HIS GANG TAKE IT EASY IN THEIR IMPREGNABLE VALLEY. THEN—



FIRST THE BANK JOB!... A FEW WEEKS LATER, THEY RAN BACK AN EXPRESS DEPOT... AND AFTER THAT, AN ASSAY OFFICE! AND ON ALL THESE FORAYS, MIKE DOOM'S CRUEL LAUGHTER TAUNTS THE TREMBLING ONLOOKERS...



LOOK AT THEM! THEY'RE THUH FOLKS THET WERE GONNA TAME THUH TERRITORY! BUT MIKE DOOM SHOWED THEM IT WAS GONNA STAY WILD! AN' I'LL KEEP SHOWIN' THEM THET I'M BIGGER THAN THEIR LAW!

HA HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

BUT THE NIGHT THE DOOM GANG STOPS THE STAGE, THEY ARE BEING WATCHED BY A GRIM FIGURE WHO HAS TRAVELLED FAR TO PROVE THAT NO MAN IS BIGGER THAN THE LAW...

DOWN OUT OF THE BLACK NIGHT HE PLUMMETS!



THROW DOWN THET STRONG BOX PRONTO!



THUH GHOST RIDER!

MAKE TRACKS BACK TO THE VALLEY! HE WON'T DARE FOLLOW US THAR!

THE OWLHOOTS HAVE FLED... AND NOW THE GHOST RIDER'S HANDS MOVE SWIFTLY AS HE MINISTERS TO THE WOUNDED GUARD...

THEY'RE HEADED FOR DOOM VALLEY!

NO LOW-MAN THEY'S GONE IN AFTER THEM EVER CAME BACK ALIVE!

THEY HAVE GUARDS ON EVERY TRAIL LEADIN' INTO THUH VALLEY!

THERE! YOUR WOUND IS DRESSED AND I AM FREE TO TRAIL THE VILLAINS TO THEIR LAIR!

NO! DON'T GO AFTER THEM!



DOOM VALLEY CAN BE NO WORSE THAN THE MANY FEARSOME VALLEYS I HAVE CROSSED ON THE LONG JOURNEY HERE FROM THE LAND OF THE DEAD! TOMORROW AT MIDNIGHT—I RIDE THERE...



WORD OF THE GHOST RIDER'S DARING SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE! AND THE NEXT DAY—

SO HE'S TELLIN' FOLKS HE'S COMIN' HERE AT MIDNIGHT! MUST BE HE FIGURES TO SEARE US, THINKIN' WE'LL PULL OUT! WAL—LET HIM COME... WE'LL BE READY FER HIM! DOUBLE THE GUARDS!



IT IS ALMOST MIDNIGHT NOW...

EVERY APPROACH TO THUH VALLEY IS COVERED BY CROSS-FIRE! THUH GHOST RIDER WON'T STAND A CHANCE...



AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE APPROACH BORDERING BOTTOMLESS CHASM—

SHHHH—THAR HE COMES NOW!



NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT—I GOT MY SIGHTS RIGHT ON HIM!



GOT HIM!



THUH HORSE GOT AWAY!

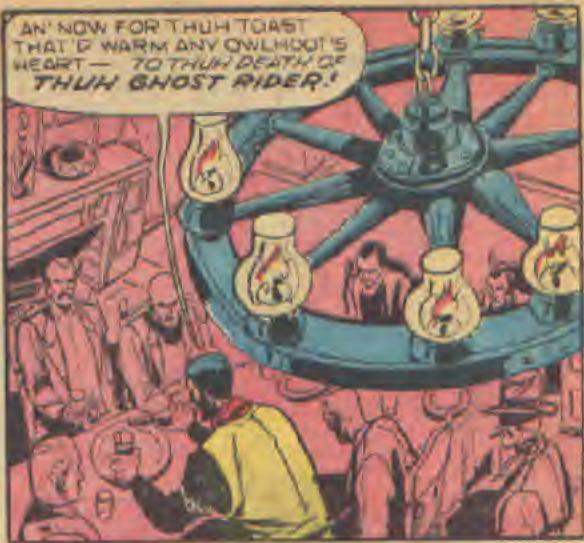
WHO CARES? THET CRITTER CAN'T HARM US NONE... HEH-HEH-HEH—THE GHOST RIDER SURE BIT OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW WHEN HE TRIED COMIN' INTO DOOM VALLEY AFTER US! WAIT TILL THUH BOSS HEARS HOW EASY IT WAS...



WHEN MIKE DOOM HEARS, HE CALLS HIS MEN IN!



AN' NOW FOR THUH TOAST THAT'D WARM ANY OWLHOOT'S HEART — TO THUH DEATH OF THUH GHOST RIDER!



SUDDENLY—!

AIEEE!
TH- THUH
LIGHTS...!
WH-WHO PUT
'EM OUT...?



FOOLS! YOU THOUGHT TO SLAY A GHOST! THOUGH RIDDLED BY YOUR BULLETS, I AM HERE!... AND NOW, MIKE DOOM, YOUR DOOM IS SEALED!

IT-IT'S ME HE'S AFTER! FORM A CIRCLE AROUND ME, MEN! FAST!



H-HE'S DISAPPEARED!

HE KNOWS
WHEN HE'S
LICKED! YOUR
WORRIES ARE
OVER, BOSS!



A QUICK CAPE REVERSAL FROM WHITE TO BLACK RENDERED ME INVISIBLE! THEN A LARIAT-TOSS... AND NOW TO CLIMB UP TO THE OVERHEAD BEAM! AND IN A MOMENT, MIKE DOOM WILL REALIZE THAT...



HIS TROUBLES HAVE JUST BEGUN!

AIEEE!
SHOOT
MEN,
SHOOT!
HE'S RIGHT
OVER ME!





WHAT CAN A SINGLE KNIFE FLUNG HIGH OVER HIS ENEMIES' HEADS AVAIL THE GHOST RIDER NOW?

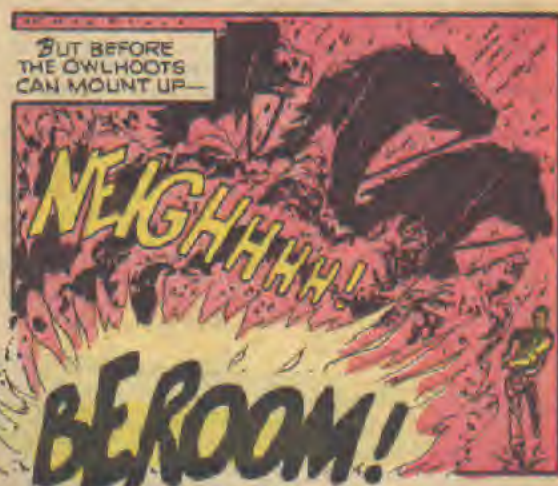


I HAD TO SEVER THE ROPE! IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GET THEM ALL OUT OF ACTION AT THE SAME TIME!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER—

YUH'LL NEVER GET AWAY, GHOST RIDER! WE'RE DOUBLE-MOUNTED— AN' MY MEN ARE UP AN' ALREADY RUNNIN' FER THEIR HORSES!



BUT BEFORE THE OWLHOOTS CAN MOUNT UP—



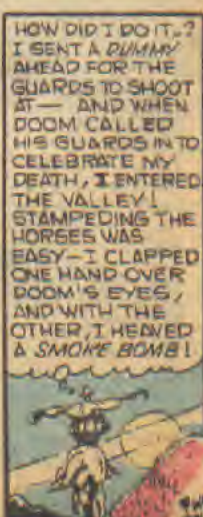
TH—THEY'RE STAMPEDIN'!

THAT'S NO BEATIN' THUH GHOST RIDER! HE'S EVEN GOT DEVIL-FIRES WORKIN' FOR HIM!



LATER—

NO TROUBLE PULLIN' DOOM'S GANG IN AFTER YOU GOT THROUGH WITH 'EM GHOST RIDER— THEY WERE SO SCARED THEY COULDN'T EVEN CLEAR LEATHER! BUT HOW YUH DONE IT, WE'LL NEVER KNOW!



HOW DID I DO IT,? I SENT A DUMMY AHEAD FOR THE GUARDS TO SHOOT AT— AND WHEN DOOM CALLED HIS GUARDS IN TO CELEBRATE MY DEATH, I ENTERED THE VALLEY! STAMPEDING THE HORSES WAS EASY—I CLAPPED ONE HAND OVER DOOM'S EYES, AND WITH THE OTHER, I HEAVED A SMOKE BOMB!

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Abstract—The purpose of this study was to determine the effect of a 12-week training program on the heart rate (HR) and heart rate reserve (HRR) of sedentary middle-aged men. The subjects were divided into two groups: a control group and a training group. The control group consisted of 10 men who did not exercise regularly, and the training group consisted of 10 men who participated in a 12-week training program. The HR and HRR were measured at rest and during maximal exercise before and after the training program. The results showed that the training program significantly increased the HR and HRR of the training group compared to the control group. The HR at rest increased from 68 to 72 beats per minute, and the HRR at rest increased from 22 to 26 beats per minute. The HR during maximal exercise increased from 178 to 182 beats per minute, and the HRR during maximal exercise increased from 110 to 114 beats per minute. The results suggest that a 12-week training program can improve the cardiovascular fitness of sedentary middle-aged men.

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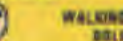
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